For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, and then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for prayſe an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſoueraignтie
Only for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu. The thickeſt, and the t
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talle
And your waſte Miſtris, were as
One a theſe Maides girdles for yo
Are not you the chiefe woman?
Qu. What's your will ſir? W
Clo. I haue a Letter from M
To one Lady *Roſaline.*
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter:
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it impo
It is writ to *Iaquenetta:*
Qu. We will reade it, I ſwe
Breake the necke of the Waxe, a
Boyet

BY heauen, that thou art faire
art beauteous, truth it ſelfe
er then faire, beautifull then be
haue comiſeration on thy hero
& moſt illuſtrious King *Cophet*
indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*
ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which
baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videl*
he came one; ſee two; ouerca
Why did he come? to ſee. W
whom came he? to the Beggar
ouercame he? the Beggar.
whoſe ſide? the Kings: the capt
Beggars. The cataſtrophe is a
no, on both in one, or one in
the compariſon) thou the Beg
Shall I command thy loue?
could. Shal I entreate thy loue?
for ragges, roabes: for tittle
pecting thy reply, I prophane
thy picture, and my heart on

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO